



No.133

MAR.

Ten Cents



BATMAN

Detective COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

In This Issue:

"The Man
Who Could
See The
Future"

PREDICTS

DOOM

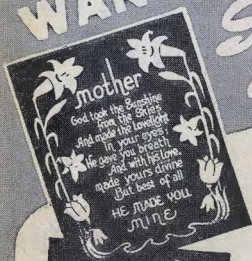
FOR

**BATMAN
and ROBIN**



DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottos



WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottos which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottos you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottos you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois

Dept. NC-3

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

COULD YOU SEE FUTURE
EVENTS WITH YOUR MIND? SOME
MEN, CALLED CLAIRVOYANTS,
CLAIM THAT THEY CAN DO SO!
AND WHEN ONE OF THESE
MEN COMES TO GOTHAM CITY
AND USES HIS STRANGE
POWER, BATMAN AND ROBIN,
THE BOY WONDER, HAVE TO
FACE DEATH ITSELF TO PRE-
VENT THE DISASTERS PREDICTED
BY...

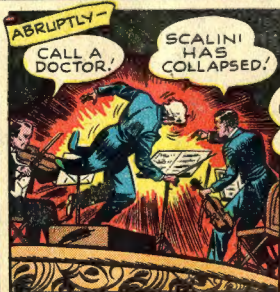
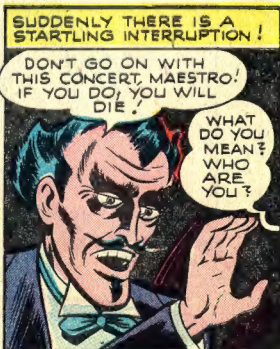
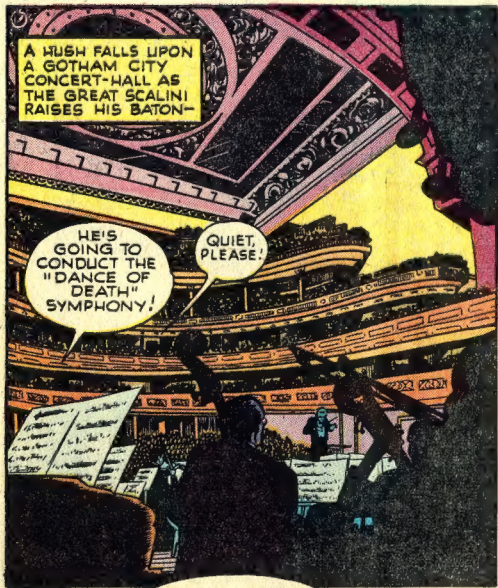
**"THE MAN WHO
COULD SEE
THE FUTURE!"**

BOB
KANE

DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 133, March, 1948. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co.

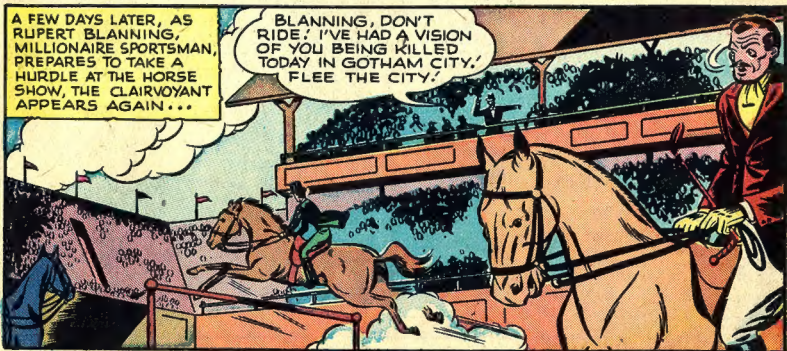
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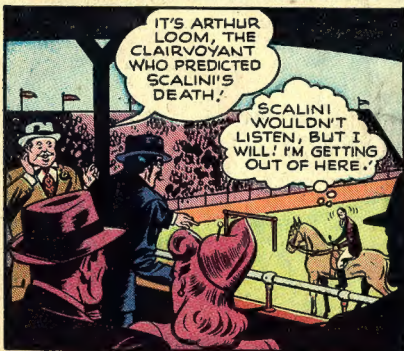
A FEW DAYS LATER, AS RUPERT BLANNING, MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN, PREPARES TO TAKE A HURDLE AT THE HORSE SHOW, THE CLAIRVOYANT APPEARS AGAIN...

BLANNING, DON'T RIDE! I'VE HAD A VISION OF YOU BEING KILLED TODAY IN GOTHAM CITY. FLEE THE CITY!



IT'S ARTHUR LOOM, THE CLAIRVOYANT WHO PREDICTED SCALINI'S DEATH!

SCALINI WOULDN'T LISTEN, BUT I WILL! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



SOON, AT GOTHAM CITY AIRPORT—

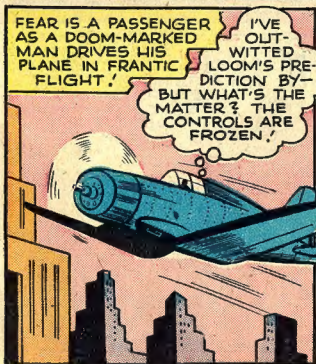
RUN OUT MY PRIVATE PLANE!

I CAN'T DIE IN GOTHAM CITY TODAY IF I LEAVE TOWN!

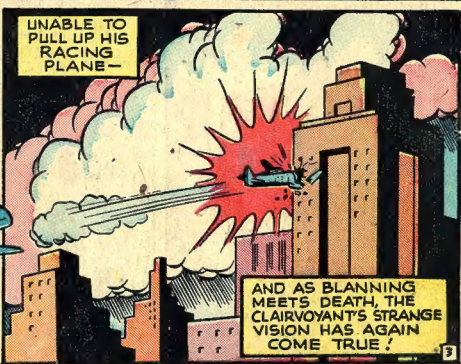


FEAR IS A PASSENGER AS A DOOM-MARKED MAN DRIVES HIS PLANE IN FRANTIC FLIGHT!

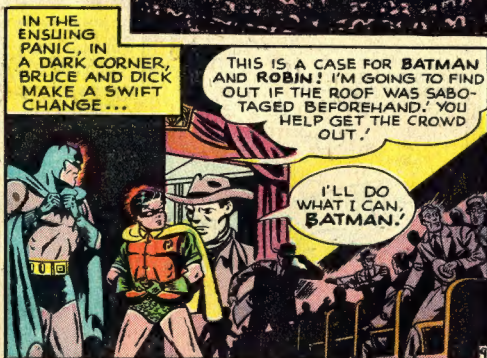
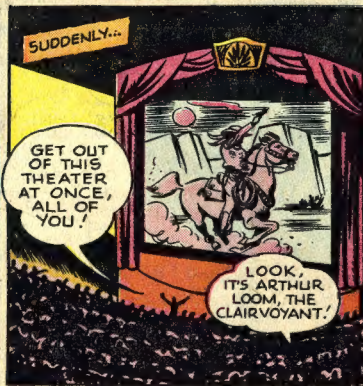
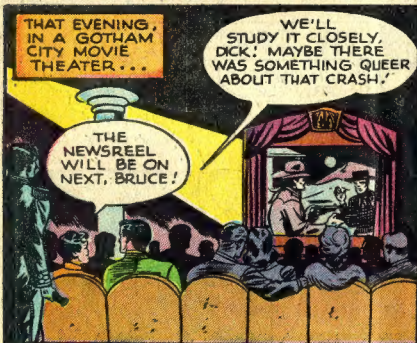
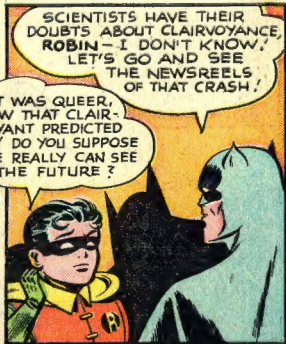
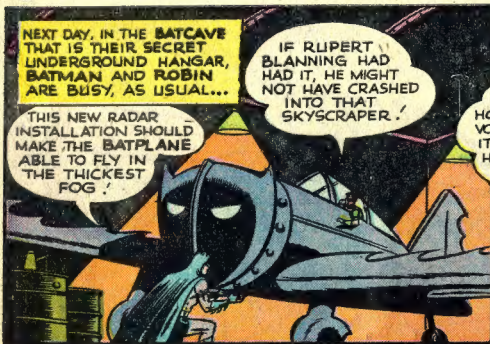
I'VE OUT-WITTED LOOM'S PREDICTION BY— BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER? THE CONTROLS ARE FROZEN!

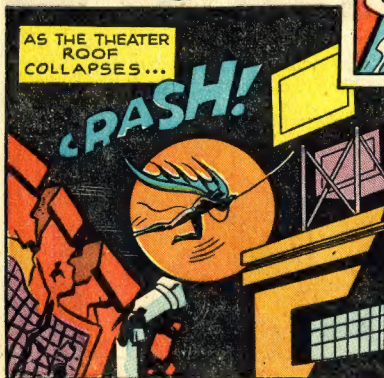


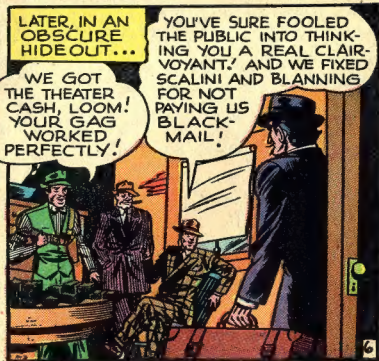
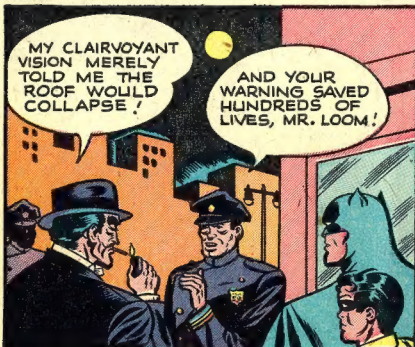
UNABLE TO PULL UP HIS RACING PLANE—

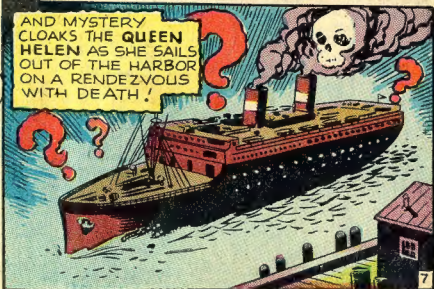
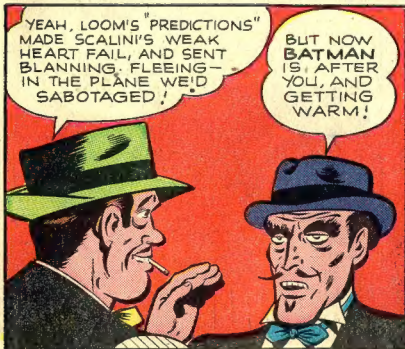


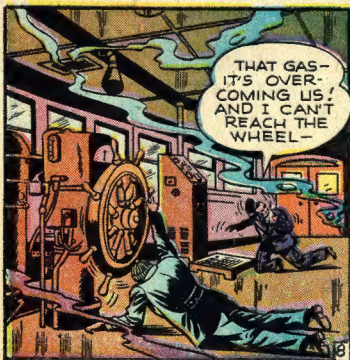
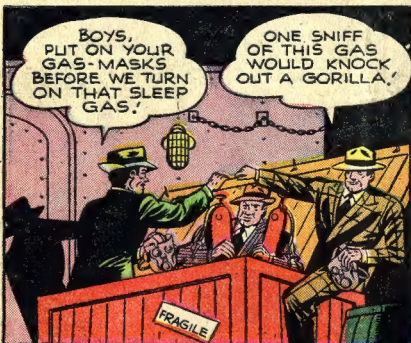
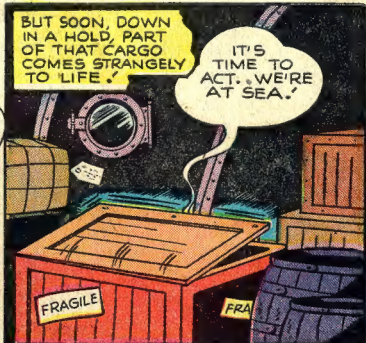
AND AS BLANNING MEETS DEATH, THE CLAIRVOYANT'S STRANGE VISION HAS AGAIN COME TRUE!













THE GAS HAVING TAKEN EFFECT, THE CRIMINALS DISCARD THEIR MASKS...

THAT DOES IT! SHE'S UNLOCKED, CHIEF!

OPEN IT UP SO WE CAN GET GOING!

**BATMAN!
AND
ROBIN!**

I FIGURED THE DANGER WOULD BE TO THESE JEWELS! AND THAT YOU'D ATTACK WITH GAS! BUT YOU FORGOT THAT THE GAS WOULDN'T PENETRATE THIS SAFE.

MIND DROPPING THE GUNS? THANKS!

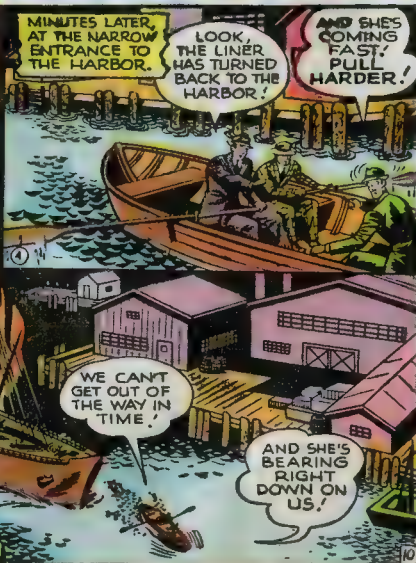
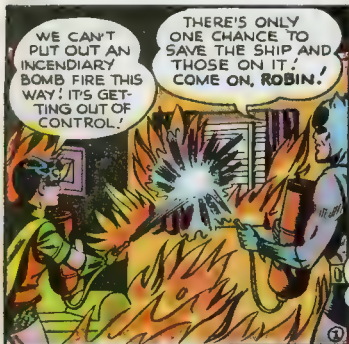
QUICK! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET OUT!

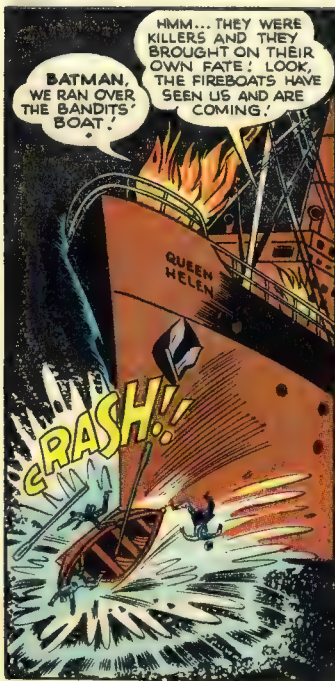
AN INCENDIARY BOMB! WE'VE GOT TO PUT THAT OUT!

THEY'RE TOO MUCH FOR US! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE -

LOWER THAT BOAT! WE CAN GET BACK INTO THE HARBOR IN IT!

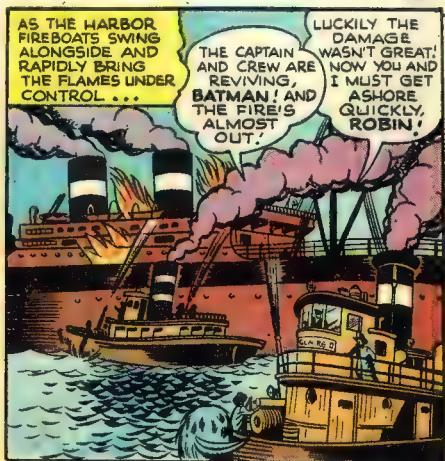
AND THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT OUT THAT FIRE VERY QUICK!





BATMAN.
WE RAN OVER
THE BANDITS'
BOAT.

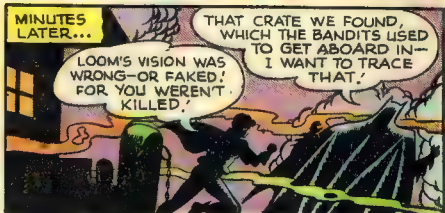
HMM... THEY WERE
KILLERS AND THEY
BROUGHT ON THEIR
OWN FATE! LOOK,
THE FIREBOATS HAVE
SEEN US AND ARE
COMING.



AS THE HARBOR
FIREBOATS SWING
ALONGSIDE AND
RAPIDLY BRING
THE FLAMES UNDER
CONTROL ...

THE CAPTAIN
AND CREW ARE
REVIVING,
BATMAN! AND
THE FIRE'S
ALMOST
OUT.

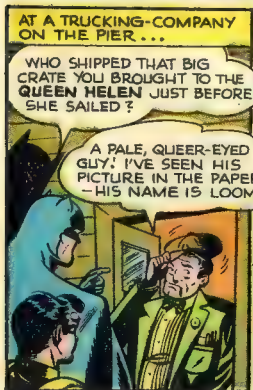
LUCKILY THE
DAMAGE
WASN'T GREAT!
NOW YOU AND
I MUST GET
ASHORE QUICKLY,
ROBIN!



MINUTES
LATER...

LOOM'S VISION WAS
WRONG—OR FAKED!
FOR YOU WEREN'T
KILLED.

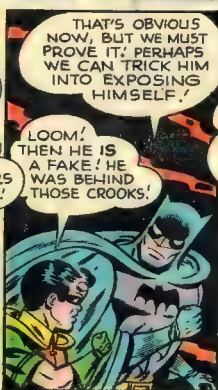
THAT CRATE WE FOUND,
WHICH THE BANDITS USED
TO GET ABOARD IN—
I WANT TO TRACE
THAT.



AT A TRUCKING COMPANY
ON THE PIER...

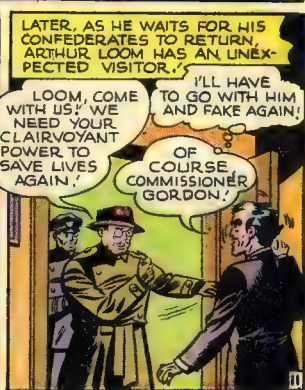
WHO SHIPPED THAT BIG
CRATE YOU BROUGHT TO THE
QUEEN HELEN JUST BEFORE
SHE SAILED?

A PALE, QUEER-EYED
GUY! I'VE SEEN HIS
PICTURE IN THE PAPERS
—HIS NAME IS LOOM!



THAT'S OBVIOUS
NOW, BUT WE MUST
PROVE IT! PERHAPS
WE CAN TRICK HIM
INTO EXPOSING
HIMSELF.

LOOM!
THEN HE IS
A FAKE! HE
WAS BEHIND
THOSE CROOKS!



LATER, AS HE WAITS FOR HIS
CONFEDERATES TO RETURN,
ARTHUR LOOM HAS AN UNEX-
PECTED VISITOR.

LOOM, COME
WITH US! WE
NEED YOUR
CLAIRVOYANT
POWER TO
SAVE LIVES
AGAIN!

I'LL HAVE
TO GO WITH HIM
AND FAKE AGAIN!

OF
COURSE
COMMISSIONER
GORDON!



IN THE COUNTRYSIDE
OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY,
RISING WIND SCREAMS
THROUGH THE NIGHT.

THIS WIND
IS AWFUL.

THAT'S WHY
WE NEED YOUR
CLAIRVOYANT
POWER TO HELP
US! A TORNADO
IS COMING.

USE YOUR POWER TO SEE
WHICH PATH THE TORNADO
WILL FOLLOW! THEN WE
CAN GET PEOPLE OUT OF
ITS WAY IN TIME!

BUT I CAN'T! MY
PREDICT THAT POWER
REALLY! WON'T WORK
HERE! LET'S
GET OUT OF
HERE!

AS THE WIND ROARS
OMINOUSLY LOUDER—

THE TORNADO
IS ALMOST HERE!
I WON'T LET YOU
GO TILL YOU TELL
WHICH PATH IT
WILL FOLLOW!

BUT I CAN'T
TELL
YOU!
LET ME
GO!

—A FRIGHTENED
SCHEMER'S NERVE
GIVES WAY!

ALL RIGHT,
ROBIN,
THAT'S
ENOUGH!

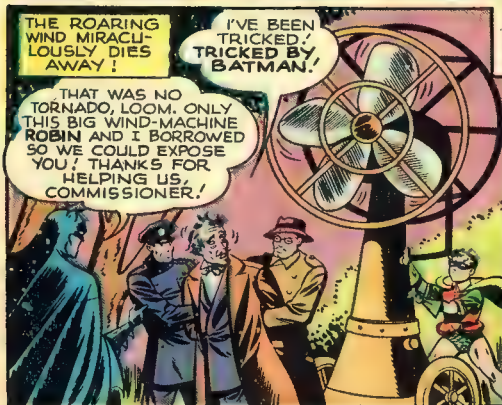
MY CLAIR-
VOYANT POWER
WAS A PHONEY!
NOW LET'S GO
BEFORE WE'RE
ALL KILLED BY
THE TORNADO!

THE ROARING
WIND MIRACU-
LOUSLY DIES
AWAY!

I'VE BEEN
TRICKED BY
BATMAN!

THAT WAS NO
TORNADO, LOOM. ONLY
THIS BIG WIND-MACHINE
ROBIN AND I BORROWED
SO WE COULD EXPOSE
YOU! THANKS FOR
HELPING US,
COMMISSIONER!

BUT NOW, I CAN SEE
THE FUTURE, LOOM! YOURS!
I SEE YOU! WALKING INTO
A BIG GRAY BUILDING UP
THE RIVER—BUT I CAN'T
SEE YOU EVER COMING
OUT AGAIN!



1948
DELUXE
MODEL**Columbia**Since 1877—
America's
FIRST BicycleExclusive Columbia
Precision FrameFamous New Departure
Coaster BrakeFull-Protection Air-
flow ChainguardExclusive Built-in
Parking StandBright Chrome
Electric HeadlightBright Chrome
Fork Truss RodsTorrington Rust-
Resistant Steel SpokesLong-Wearing
U.S. Royal Chain Tires
with Airtite Tubes**WIN ONE OF THESE
1,000 Columbia BIKES!****JUST NAME YOUR BIKE!**

FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES. Pick a name for the bike you hope to win. You might choose the name "Red Racer" or "Road Champ." (Just examples, of course.) It's easy. It's fun. You'll think of many names. First name that pops into your head may win you a genuine Columbia bicycle! 1,000 new 1948 models offered in this sensational prize contest.

1,000 CHANCES TO WIN!

SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES. Eat lots of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions," with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each "Name-Your-Bike" entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, 1948. Hurry! Jot down some names right now! Mail an entry today! Now!

EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST RULES:

1. Name the bike you hope to win. Print the name. Add your own name and complete address. Attach a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties, Box No. 1300D, Minneapolis, Minn. 2. Enclose a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. 3. All entries must be postmarked by midnight, Feb. 29, received by March 22, 1948. 4. Entries judged on originality, uniqueness and suitability. Decision of three judges—faculty members of U. of Minn.—final. Duplicate prizes in case of tie. 5. Entries become property of General Mills. None will be returned. 6. Contest open to all residents of U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Westfield Mfg. Co., and their advertising agencies.

30 days after closing date, complete list of winners' names will be forwarded upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 480, at 623 Marquette, Minneapolis 2, Minn.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



**WHEATIES,
BOX 1300D, MPLS., MINN.**

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Columbia bicycle I hope to win is:

**CLIP AND
MAIL TODAY!**

**PLEASE
PRINT**

BIKE NAME: _____

My Name: _____

Street Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

IMPORTANT:

Check model you want: ☐ BOY'S (Bright Red) ☐ GIRL'S (Teal Blue)



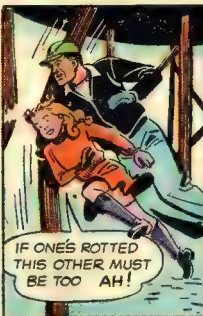
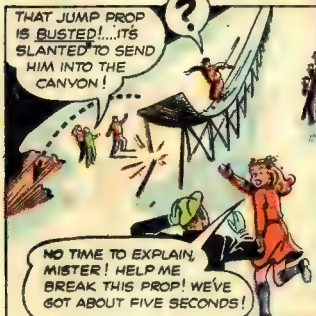
Meet a

**SHE MAKES
A HONEY OF
A RESCUE!**



**CREEPS!
THAT PROP'S
ROTTED!**

**THAT JUMP PROP
IS BUSTED!...ITS
SLAMED TO SEND
HIM INTO THE
CANYON!**

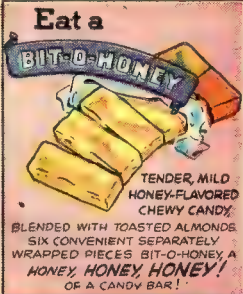


HOORAY FOR BIT-O-HONEY!

**ALL THE REWARD I WANT IS
THAT YOU WIN THE BOX OF
BIT-O-HONEY CANDY BARS
OUR CLASS BET ON YOU**



Eat a



**OLD NICK? OH BOY, OLD NICK IS, A WONDERFUL
CANDY BAR! CREAMY FUDGE, SMOOTH
CARAMEL...CRISP CRUNCHY
NUTS...THICKLY COATED WITH
LUSCIOUS MILK CHOCOLATE
MAKE OLD NICK EXTRA
DELICIOUS!**



AIR WAVE

BILL POTTER WAS PROUD TO BE A "HAM"--- AN AMATEUR RADIO OPERATOR. BUT HE AND OTHER KILOCYCLE KIDS LACKED THE CHANCE TO PROVE THEIR CAPABILITIES-- UNTIL DISASTER STRUCK AND THE **WIZARD OF WIRELESS** SIGNALLED THESE

"**RADIO 'HAMS'**
to the
RESCUE!!"



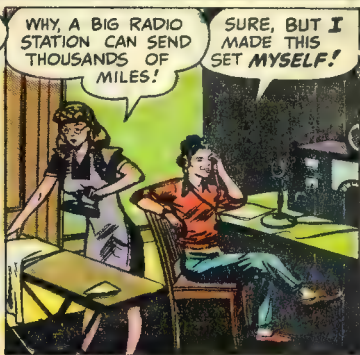
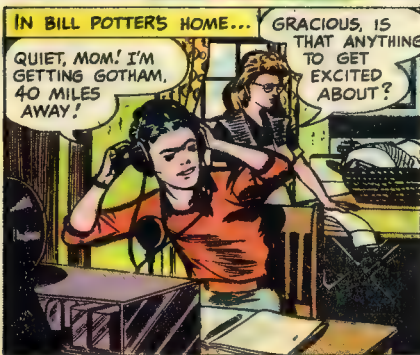
IN BILL POTTER'S HOME...

QUIET, MOM! I'M GETTING GOTHAM, 40 MILES AWAY!

GRACIOUS, IS THAT ANYTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT?

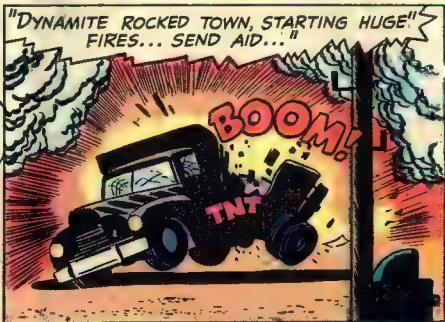
WHY, A BIG RADIO STATION CAN SEND THOUSANDS OF MILES!

SURE, BUT I MADE THIS SET MYSELF!



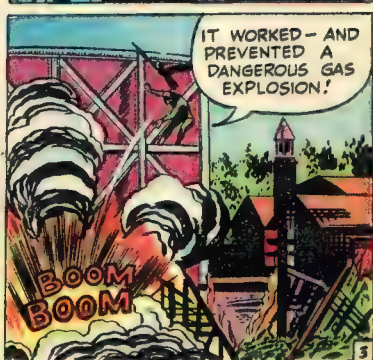
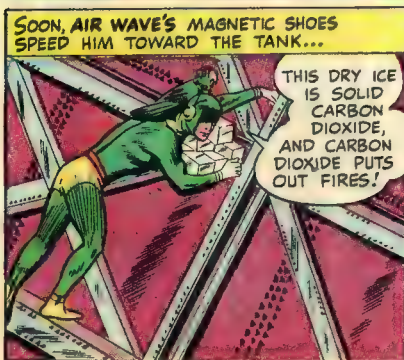
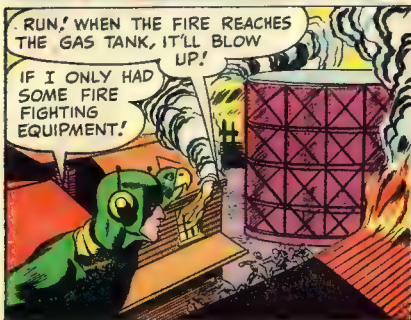
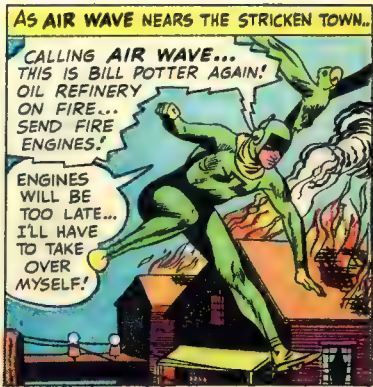


MEANWHILE,
SOME
DISTANCE
AWAY, A
FAMOUS
WIZARD
OF
WIRELESS-
AIR
WAVE-
IS
TUNING
OUT...



AND AT TUTTLEVILLE, THE PANICKY PEOPLE ARE WATCHED BY THREE SLY SCAVENGERS.







HELP! SAVE US!

THOSE HOUSES FLOODED BY A BROKEN WATER MAIN, TRAPPING THE PEOPLE! I CAN SPEAK TO THEM THROUGH THE METAL IN THEIR HOMES.

AIR WAVE SPEAKING! CLIMB TO YOUR ROOFS!

LOOK, IT'S **AIR WAVE!** BUT WE CAN'T WALK ON WIRES LIKE HE CAN AND THE ROOF MAY COLLAPSE ANY SECOND UNDER US!

A man in a green suit with a yellow visor and a yellow collar is standing on a rooftop. He is looking down at a flooded area with houses. A speech bubble from the flooded area says "HELP! SAVE US!". Another speech bubble from him says "THOSE HOUSES FLOODED BY A BROKEN WATER MAIN, TRAPPING THE PEOPLE! I CAN SPEAK TO THEM THROUGH THE METAL IN THEIR HOMES." A third speech bubble from him says "AIR WAVE SPEAKING! CLIMB TO YOUR ROOFS!". A fourth speech bubble from a group of people on another rooftop says "LOOK, IT'S AIR WAVE! BUT WE CAN'T WALK ON WIRES LIKE HE CAN AND THE ROOF MAY COLLAPSE ANY SECOND UNDER US!".

DON'T GET PANICKY! I'VE A PLAN!

A group of people are on a rooftop. A man in a green suit is standing on the edge of the roof, looking down at them. A speech bubble from him says "DON'T GET PANICKY! I'VE A PLAN!".

ALL FEARS ARE DISPELLED AS THE PEOPLE GAPE AT AIR WAVE'S STRATEGY.

GEE! SAVED BY AIR WAVE!

HOLD TIGHT, FELLERS! YOU'LL BE SAFE IN A MINUTE, THEN I'LL RESCUE THE OTHERS.

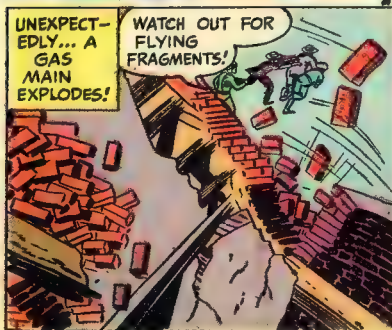
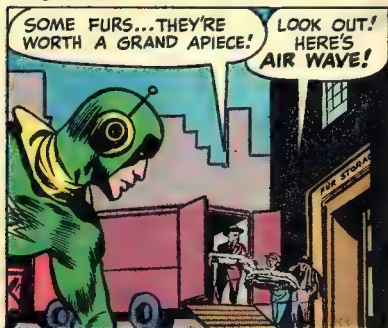
AND FINALLY, THE LAST TRIP!

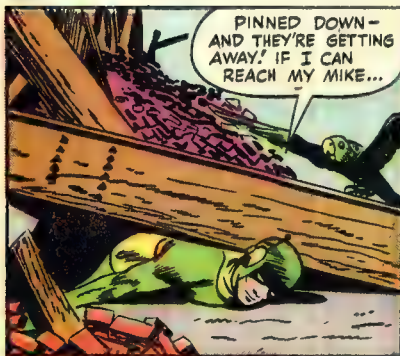
OH, AIR WAVE—YOU'RE MARVELOUS!

ALSO EXHAUSTED!

WOW! THAT WAS A JOB FOR SUPERMAN! BUT NO TIME TO LOSE. I'VE GOT TO CONTACT THOSE RADIO "HAMS"!

A man in a green suit is standing on a rooftop, looking down at a group of people who are hanging from the edge of the roof. A speech bubble from him says "ALL FEARS ARE DISPELLED AS THE PEOPLE GAPE AT AIR WAVE'S STRATEGY." A speech bubble from one of the people says "GEE! SAVED BY AIR WAVE!". A speech bubble from the man in the green suit says "HOLD TIGHT, FELLERS! YOU'LL BE SAFE IN A MINUTE, THEN I'LL RESCUE THE OTHERS." A speech bubble from the man in the green suit says "AND FINALLY, THE LAST TRIP!". A speech bubble from one of the people says "OH, AIR WAVE—YOU'RE MARVELOUS!". A speech bubble from the man in the green suit says "ALSO EXHAUSTED!". A speech bubble from the man in the green suit says "WOW! THAT WAS A JOB FOR SUPERMAN! BUT NO TIME TO LOSE. I'VE GOT TO CONTACT THOSE RADIO 'HAMS!'".





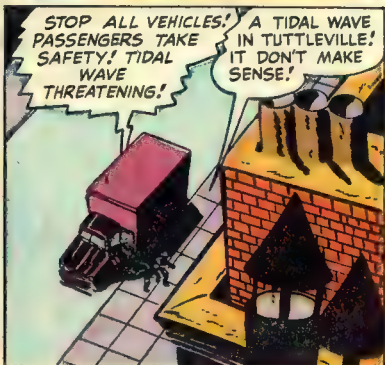
AIR WAVE'S HAND INCHES TO HIS MICROPHONE, AND SHORTLY, THE FLEEING TRUCK PICKS UP A MESSAGE.



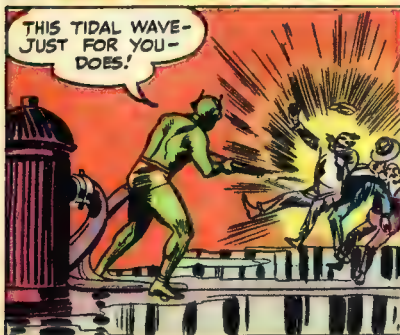
THAT ADVICE IS GONNA SAVE US TIME!



NEVER MIND THAT! THE IMPORTANT THING IS WHERE I'M GOING!

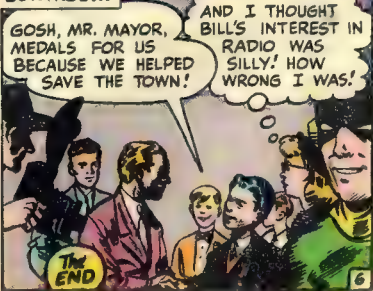


A TIDAL WAVE IN TUTTLEVILLE! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!



THIS TIDAL WAVE - JUST FOR YOU - DOES!

LATER, WHEN THE DISASTER IS UNDER CONTROL...



AND I THOUGHT BILL'S INTEREST IN RADIO WAS SILLY! HOW WRONG I WAS!

THE END

THE DUMMY IN THE WAX MUSEUM!

The Adventures of DASHIELL HAMMETT'S SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade every Sun. epg. on your Columbia (CBS) System station. See radio listing in your local newspaper."

MURDER IN KILLER CORNERED in Lower East Side!

Police surrounded the lower East Side area today hoping to catch the slug who shot Mayor MacKearran a few days ago. Amazing police use of the country's smartest criminal investigators - private detective Sam Spade! - shot MacKearran.

I'VE AN IDEA WHERE HE MIGHT BE. CHIEF! COME ON.

THAT KILLER MUST BE INVISIBLE, SAM! WE CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE!

IT'S SO GLAD YOU PUT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL ON YOUR HAIR THIS MORNING, SAM! NOW YOU'LL LOOK NICE FOR THE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHERS AFTER CATCHING THIS GUY!

KILLER ROOM 256

EFFIE AND THE CHIEF FOLLOW SAM DOWN NARROW, DESERTED STREETS AT A SIGNAL FROM SAM THEY STOP AT AN OLD-FASHIONED WAX MUSEUM.

BUT, SAM—WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH THIS PLACE!

CHIEF, THERE'S AN EXHIBIT UPSTAIRS I WANT TO CHECK!



GEE SAM—THESE DUMMIES WOULD LOOK REAL IF THEIR HAIR WERE NEAT AND NATURAL-LOOKING!

YEA! I ALWAYS SAY A GUY'S A DUMMY IF HE DOESN'T USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC!

STOP, LOOKING SPADE! IF THAT KILLER'S HERE, HE'S DANGEROUS!

SAM HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE EXHIBIT OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AS HE PULLS THE HOOD OFF THE DUMMY'S FACE.

LOOK OUT, SAM!

TAKE A TIP FROM SAM SPADE—WILDROOT CREAM-OIL MAKES YOUR HAIR LOOK SWELL! MAKES IT FEEL GOOD TOO! IT'S A HE MAN'S HAIR TONIC FOR GUYS WHO WANT TO LOOK THEIR BEST! TRY IT!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

FROM ALFRED A. LARSEN

GOODS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE HANGERS

WILDROOT CO., INC.

NICE SHOOTING, CHIEF—YOU JUST WINGED HIM!

YEA, I'LL LIVE TO SIT IN A REAL HOT SEAT!

LATER... IN SAM'S OFFICE

LOOK, SAM! HERE'S YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPER. YOU LOOK HANDSOME.

NATCH, SWEETHEART! THAT'S WHAT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL DOES FOR A GUY—I'M, NO DUMMY!

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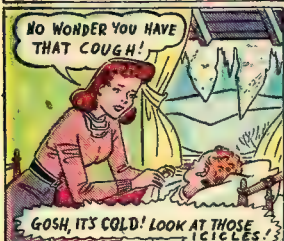
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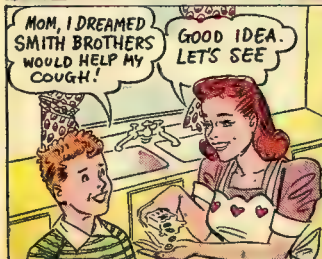
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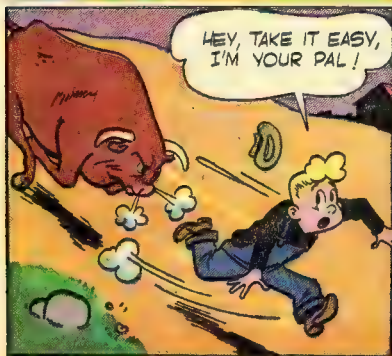
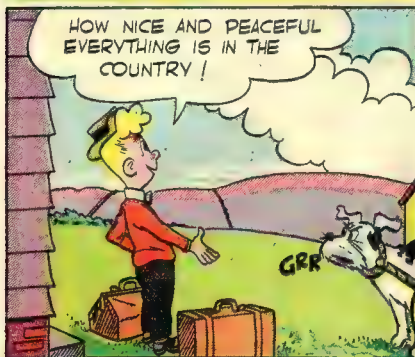


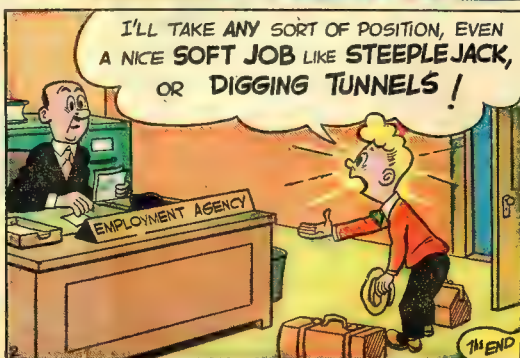
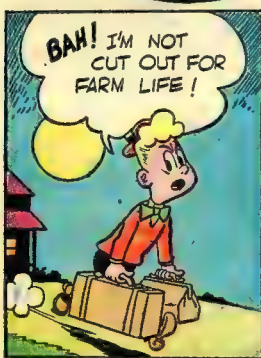
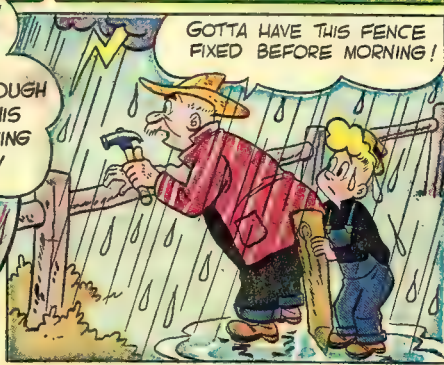
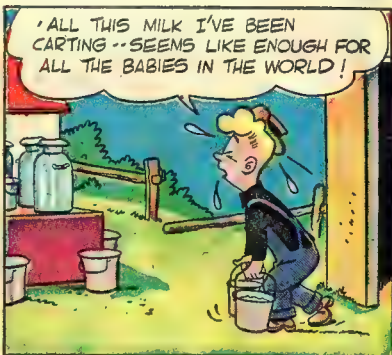
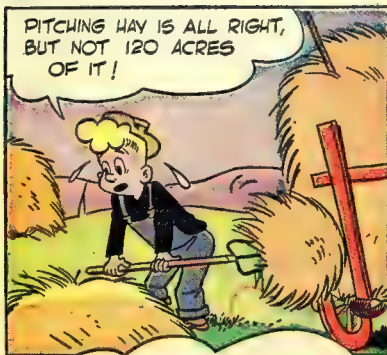
**Smith Brothers
Cough Drops Help
3 Ways**

- * 1 Eases throat tickle
- 2 Soothes raw irritated membranes
- 3 Helps loosen phlegm

* for coughs due to colds







PREMIUMS ♦ GIVEN ♦ CASH COMMISSION



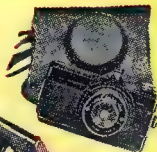
Mail Coupon
NOW

ACT
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BOYS
GIRLS

53rd
YEAR



NO
MONEY
NOW

WE
TRUST
YOU

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES! SEND NO MONEY NOW!

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS ON COUPON

Genuine 22 cal. Hoban Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles with tube of shot, Footballs, Latest Design Alarm Clocks, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Boys - Girls Full Size Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and m'd burns, easily sold to friends, neighbors and relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount called for under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order Salve and Pictures sent postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon NOW! WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A-115, TYRONE, PA.

PREMIUMS Or Cash GIVEN

WATCHES

ACT
NOW



RF
FIRST

BOYS! - GIRLS!
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Newest Design
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(sent postage paid).
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now easily yours.
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pictures with White
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PREMIUMS OR CASH GIVEN

NO
MONEY
NOW

MAIL
COUPON

53rd YEAR



WE
ARE
RELIABLE



ACT
NOW

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Excel Movie Projector with one roll of film, Electric Record Players, Billboards, Blankets, Rifles, Watches (sent postage paid), Radio Steel Wagons, Body Size 34 x 15 1/2 x 4 1/2, Full Balloon Tires (sent express charges collect). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and return amount called for under Premium wanted in catalog. Write or mail coupon today for trial order of Salve and Pictures sent on trust to start. Be first. We are fair and reliable. Our 53rd successful year. Mail coupon NOW! WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. C-115, TYRONE, PA.

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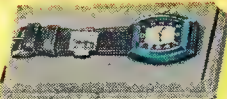


33rd
YEAR



BOYS - GIRLS
LADIES - SEND
NO MONEY
NOW

Loveable fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height. Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Be first. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. D-115, TYRONE, PA.



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Electric excellent tone Record Players, Dolls, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount called for under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order to start. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. E-115, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. NC-115, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 12 co'ful art pictures with 12 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name _____ Age _____
St _____ RD _____ Box _____
Town _____ No. _____ State _____

Print LAST Name Here _____

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

WHEN A HOLD-UP MAN IS IDENTIFIED BY A VICTIM. THEN PRODUCES AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, THE DEMON DETECTIVE DUO, ARE STUMPED. BUT NOT FOR LONG! A THREE-CORNERED CLUE PERAMBULATES OUR HEROES INTO A SCREAMLINED DRAMA OF DEATH AND DIAPERS AS THEY MATCH WITS AND PACIFIERS WITH THE RUTHLESS...

ROCKABYE ROLLS!

CARTER'S JEWELRY

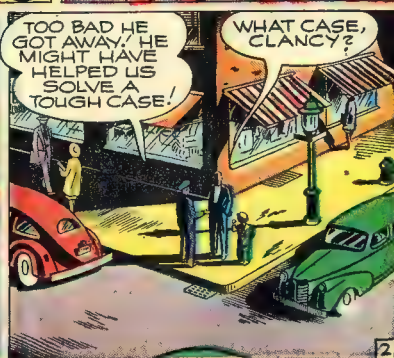
AS DETECTIVES SLAM BRADLEY AND
SHORTY MORGAN TAKE A STROLL
THROUGH THE PARK...

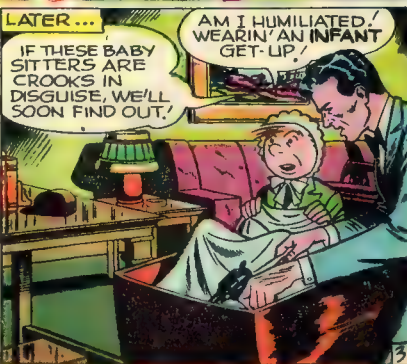
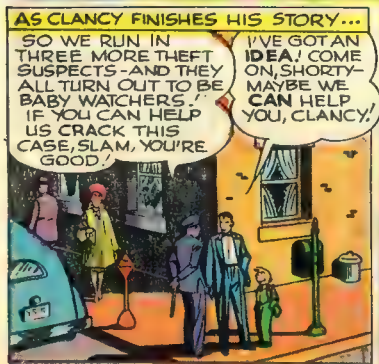
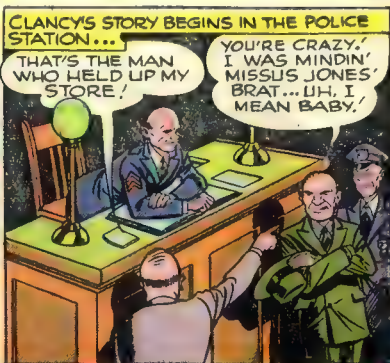
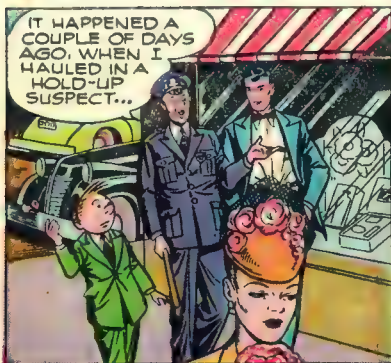
LOOKS LIKE
BABY DAY IN
THE PARK!

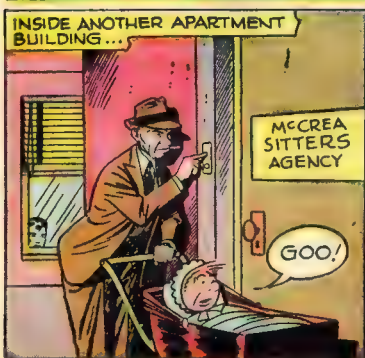
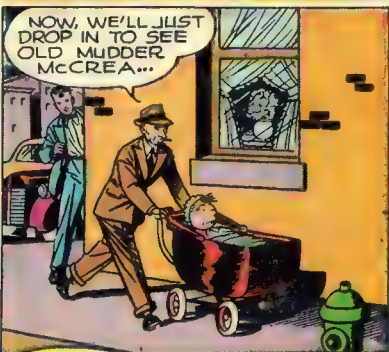
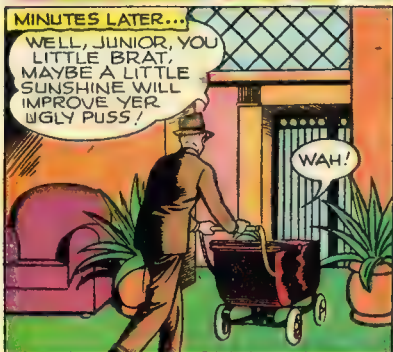
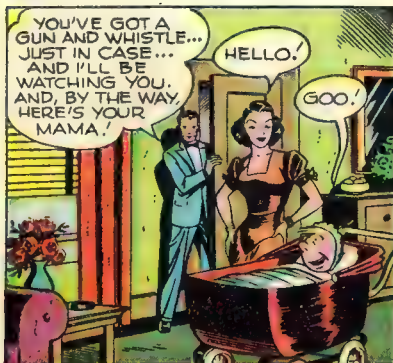
IT'S MORE LIKE
FATHER'S DAY!

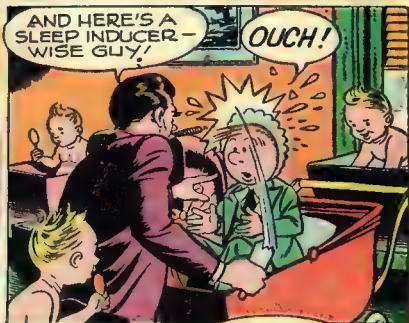
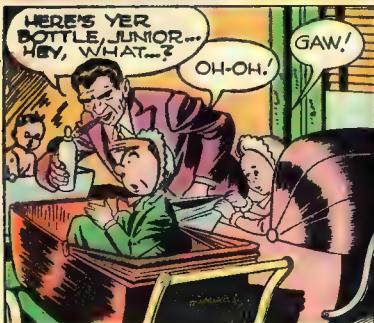
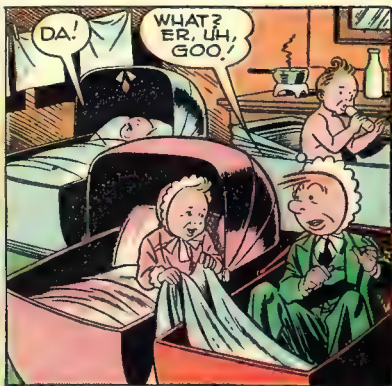
FUNNY-SO MANY
FATHERS IN THE
PARK THIS TIME
OF DAY!

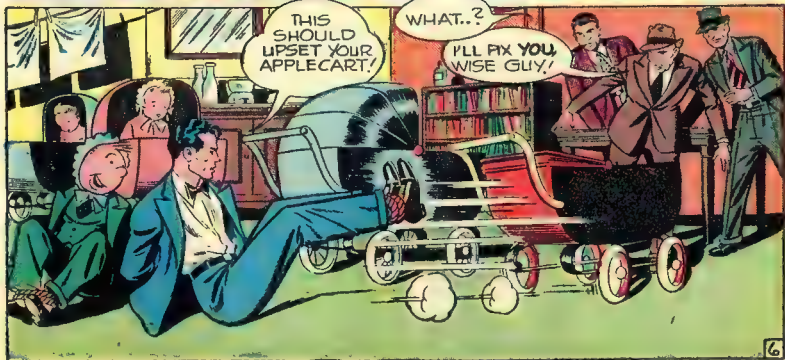
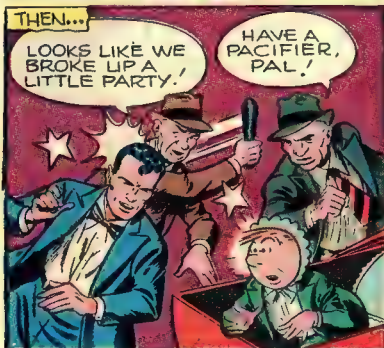
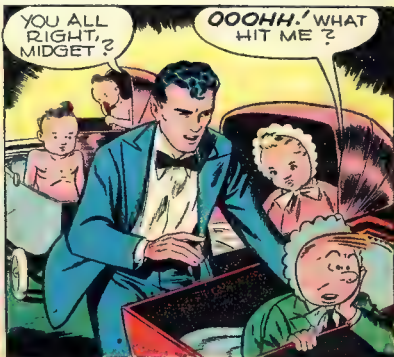
MAYBE THEY'RE PROFESSIONAL BABY WATCHERS... THERE'S A BIG DEMAND FOR THEM NOW.

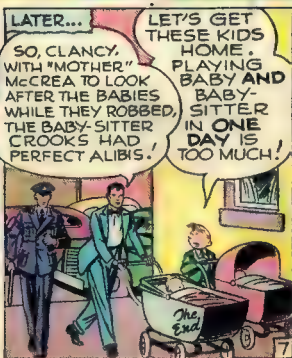
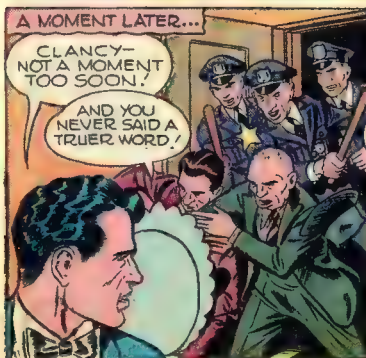
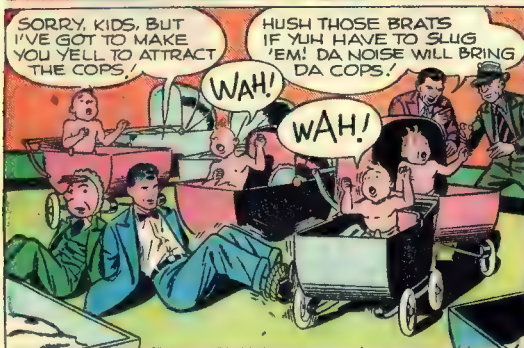




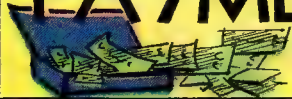








PAYMENT IN KIND



By ART LONG



“WHAT do people use for money in this town, anyway?”

The speaker was Shorty Moffet, and the two men who smiled at his remark were the Reverend Stone, only minister in the New England mountain village of Hilltop, and Ed Tyler, president of the little bank that stood in the center of the short main street.

It wasn't usual for Shorty Moffet to be speaking to ministers and bankers. Far from it. For Shorty was a small-time burglar, a 'lone wolf' who wasn't quite tough enough to try to crash the big-time gangster operations. But he had done all right—that is, until one of his 'jobs' in Boston fizzled on him one night, and he had to take it on the lam. He had found his way to Hilltop, high and secluded in the White Mountains. It looked safe and, best of all, it looked as though he could live there for a year if he had to, boarding cheaply with a farm family nearby. Shorty hadn't had much money with him when he eluded the Boston cops, but it was enough to stay in Hilltop.

And the kind people of the village believed him when he said he had come for his health. Shorty was small, thin, and looked as if he could stand a lot of farm food and fresh air. And there was no doubt about it—Shorty had a way with him, and he had made friends in Hilltop—including the minister and the banker.

“What do people use for money around here?” Shorty again asked the question, as he looked up and down the street. Hilltop was a poor looking village—even the one-story bank needed a coat of paint.

“Well, Mr. Moffet,” said the minister, “we get along. Of course, nobody's rich in Hilltop, but nobody starves, either. We're just plain, hard workin' people.”

“That's right,” said Tyler the banker, a twinkle in his eye. “We git along in Hilltop.

Folks here ain't much for show, you know, or for throwin' money around. But some of our folks here are pretty durned generous.”

Shorty, anxious to make friends of the richest man in town, and a banker at that, smiled and agreed. “Those McAllisters where I board are sure generous with those meals of theirs. They feed me plenty.”

“That's what I mean,” said the banker. “Why, you know, the mortgage on the Reverend's church has more'n two thousand dollars to go, but next Sunday our folks are gonna give him that two thousand and burn the mortgage. They're collectin' for it right now!”

Shorty's eyes widened. “Is that so?” he asked. His mind began working. Friends or no friends, minister or no minister, that two grand would set him up in style again, in a bigger town. But how to get his hands on it? He fished for information. “Why, that's fine,” he said. “I suppose Mr. Tyler here is guardin' that money in his biggest safe, eh?”

“Oh, my, no!” said the minister. “He's just the mortgage holder. No, indeed. Our people are doing it directly. They've been dropping in on me all week, and those that haven't come forward yet with their contributions will do so before Sunday.”

Shorty smiled. What an easy set-up! “Well,” he said, “I'll certainly be there to watch you burn that mortgage, Reverend!”

* * *

Shorty made his plans. They weren't complicated at all. The Reverend Stone was a widower, and lived all alone in his simple house. Ladies of his church took turns housecleaning for him, but they wouldn't be there on the Saturday evening before the mortgage-burning.

“Too bad about the Reverend,” Shorty

thought to himself. "He's a nice, harmless old guy, and I sort of like him. Hate to take his dough away from him, but two grand is two grand, and Shorty Moffet, can use it just as much as he can. Anyway, I won't hurt him. This'll be a cinch."

At nine o'clock, that Saturday night, Shorty Moffet strolled down the quiet lane to the minister's house. A single light was burning on the ground floor. Shorty identified it as the minister's study. Tiptoeing to the window, he peered in.

It was better than he thought. The Reverend Stone was in the act of stacking small piles of greenbacks and stowing them in the green metal strongbox on his desk. "He's just finished counting it," said Shorty to himself. "Making sure he's got it all there for tomorrow morning. Question is, should I wait 'until he goes to bed before I pinch it?"

Shorty thought it over quickly. Better get it now while the getting is good. There was just a chance that Reverend Stone would take that box and, late as it was, ask Tyler to put it in the bank vault for safekeeping. Nope; better get it now.

The front door, as usual, was open. Shorty gumshoed in, and softly made his way to the study. He had rope in his pocket. Quickly, but gently, he clapped his hand over the startled minister's mouth. A gag, and then a few turns of the rope, and Reverend Stone was fast in his chair, his eyes on Shorty.

"Sorry, Reverend," said Shorty as he reached for the box. "I need this worse than you do. If you sit quiet and don't strain yourself trying to get out of those ropes, you'll be all right till morning. You'll lose some sleep and probably be stiff, but that's all. Then you can tell the cops—by that time I'll be far away from Hilltop." He was tempted to say, "They're lookin' for me anyway," but there was no use giving the cops any more leads than he had to. As for the minister identifying him—everybody in Hilltop would know who took the money anyway, as soon as it was discovered that "Mr. Moffet" had vamoosed.

Shorty tested the ropes binding the Reverend Stone, patted the old man on the shoulder and said, "No hard feelin's, I hope." Then Shorty scooted out the door towards his roadster, and began traveling as far away from Hilltop as he could get by morning.

At 6 A. M. they found the Reverend Stone sleeping peacefully in his chair. He had chewed through the gag, but he had not bothered to yell. Neighbors crowded around him. As he told what had happened, they broke out into cries of indignation. "Let's call the State police—they'll get the skunk!" exclaimed one, and the others loudly seconded the suggestion.

The minister held up his hand. He was smiling. "No, let Mr. Moffet go. I feel sure he was hiding out here, and sooner or later the authorities will find him for some earlier crime."

"But your strong-box, Mr. Stone! What about the money?"

"There was no money in that box," said the minister with a smile. "We collected very little money in our campaign, and I deposited that in the bank. When we told Mr. Moffet we had collected two thousand dollars, he didn't know that folks here make such contributions with livestock and land and shares in the harvest. And he didn't know that Mr. Tyler is that kind of banker who knows that Hilltop folks pledges are as good security as cash."

"But what was in that box? Didn't the thief look in it?"

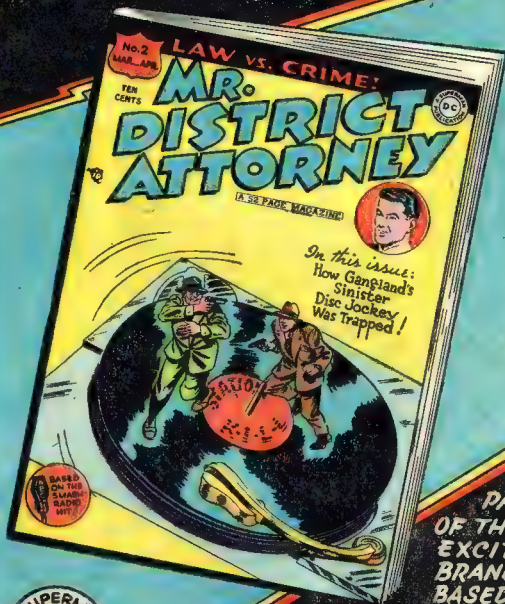
"No, he probably looked through the window and saw me filling it up."

"Filling it up with what, Reverend?"

"Stage money. I got it through my grandson's joke-goods catalog. You see, we had to have a dramatic mortgage-burning, so I was going to hand over a box of stage money to Mr. Tyler at church this morning, and he would burn the mortgage. But it was just stage money."

"I'm afraid it was a little deception." The minister smiled once more. "At any rate, Mr. Moffet will find out what we folks around here use for money!"

**YOUR FAVORITE
RADIO CRIME-SMASHER
NOW IN A
COMICS MAGAZINE!**



COME ALONG ON
THE TORTUOUS
CRIME-TRAIL
AS HARD-HITTING
**MR.
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY**
CRACKS DOWN
ON THE
TRIGGER-HAPPY
MADMEN OF
GANGLAND!

PAGE AFTER PAGE
OF THRILLS! ACTION!
EXCITEMENT! - IN THIS
BRAND-NEW MAGAZINE
BASED ON RADIO'S No. 1
COPS-AND-ROBBERS
WHIRLWIND!

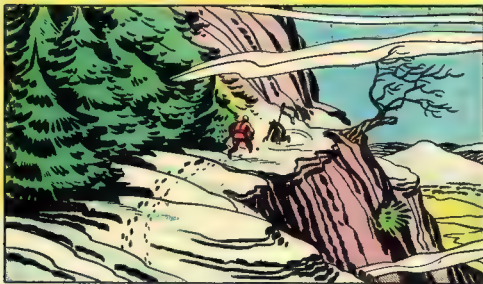


ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!





THE CASE HISTORY OF TRIGGER DUNCAN BEGINS IN THE FREEZING, WILD HEIGHTS OF MT. WHITE, WHERE HIS FATHER EKED OUT A LIVING BY CAPTURING LIVE, RARE SPECIES FOR AN EASTERN ZOO....



THEN, WHEN THEY CAME UPON THE TRAPPED ANIMAL IN A SNOW-FILLED GROTTO...

NO, SON! NO! DON'T SHOOT THE POOR CREATURE!

GOT 'IM! NAILED 'IM WITH ONE SHOT! HA, HA!

BLAM!



NO WONDER THE KIDS AT SCHOOL CALL YOU "TRIGGER" DUNCAN! YOU'RE A BORN KILLER! MY OWN SON! DELIGHTS IN KILLIN' TRAPPED THINGS! IT'S A SHAME!



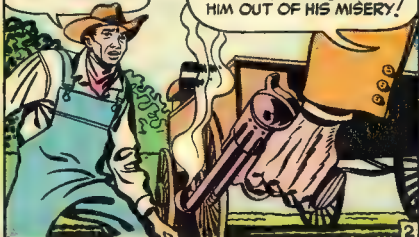
I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO GET MAD AT ME, POP! I'M GOIN' TO KEEP ON KILLIN' WHENEVER IT'S LEGAL—LIFE IS A GAME! IT'S A GAME OF THE STRONGEST SURVIVIN'! AND A KILLER IS ALWAYS THE STRONGEST!



AS DUNCAN GREW OLDER, HIS TRIGGER FINGER BECAME INCREASINGLY RESTLESS...

YOU FOOL! JUS' 'CAUSE THE HORSE BROKE HIS LEG YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SHOOT 'IM!

YOU'RE WRONG, HAYSEED! IT'S LEGAL TO SHOOT A NAG WITH A BROKEN LEG! HA, HA! I ONLY PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!



THE YEARS ROLLED BY, THEN ONE DAY TRIGGER APPLIED FOR A JOB-AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....

NOTHING DOING, DUNCAN! THE DEPARTMENT HAS ENOUGH HEADACHES WITHOUT HIRIN' A GUY WITH AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER!

OKAY, COPPER! BUT YOU'RE MISSIN' A GOOD BET!



BUT OUTSIDE...



... A POSTER CAUGHT HIS EYE!

WHAT A SAP I'VE BEEN! MY PROFESSION'S BEEN RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE ALL THIS TIME -- AND I HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN IT! REWARD, EH? HA, HA!



THEN TRIGGER BEGINS TO COLLECT POLICE POSTERS...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! I GOT YA ALL SIZED UP! I'M GETTIN' MY INFO FROM THE STOOLIES--



---NOW THIS COUNTRY'S GOIN' TO SEE A ONE MAN MASSACRE TAKE PLACE, AND IT'S GOIN' TO BE NICE AN' LEGAL!



IN THE ENSUING WEEKS, TRIGGER'S GUN COUGHS DEATH IN A DOZEN PLACES--A DEATH THAT IS ALWAYS **INSIDE** THE LAW! ---

HA, HA! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! YOU'RE WANTED **DEAD** OR **ALIVE**--AND I'D RATHER HAVE YOU **DEAD**!

NO! PLEASE! DON'T SHOOT! TAKE ME IN! UGH!

ANOTHER REWARD FOR ME! BEST FUN I EVER HAD!

OKAY--YOU GOT THE BEAD ON ME! I SURRENDER-- UHH!

NO ONE **SURRENDERS** TO ME, BUD! I BRING 'EM IN **DEAD**!

BLAM!

AND THE REWARD MONEY ROLLS IN ---

NOT BAD--ALMOST FIFTY G'S! WHAT DO YOU AN' DAISY THINK OF TRIGGER NOW, FARO?

A GOOD HAUL, KID! SORRY I CAN'T STAY AROUND TO ENJOY IT!

I'M HOT! I KILLED A COPPER LAST NIGHT! THE **BOY COMMANDOS** ARE TAILING ME! I'VE GOT TO LAM!

AT THAT MOMENT, FOUR FIGURES SPRING INTO THE ROOM---



YOU'RE NOT TAKING IT ON THE LAM, FARO! THE TRAIL ENDS HERE!

PUT AWAY THE SMOKER, COP KILLER! THERE'S ENOUGH REWARD ON YOUR HEAD NOW!



OKAY, CARTER! HERE'S MY ROD. I KNOW WHEN I'M THROUGH! YOU CAN TAKE ME IN---



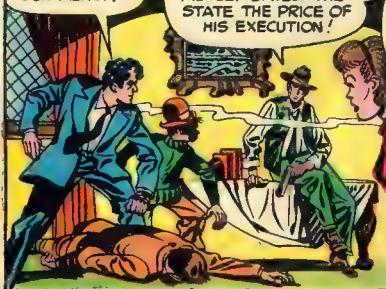
I SAID I GIVE UP--WHY'D YOU SHOOT... UUUHHH...



BLAM!

WHY DID YOU SHOOT HIM, TRIGGER? HE WAS COMPLETELY AT OUR MERCY!

SO WHAT? HE WAS WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE, WASN'T HE? I MERELY SAVED THE STATE THE PRICE OF HIS EXECUTION!



THAT FOLLOWING DAY---

HA, HA! WASN'T THEM COMMANDOS SURPRISED WHEN I TOOK FARO FROM RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES! THEY TRAPPED HIM--I KILLED HIM! AND I GOT THE REWARD DOUGH!

WITH FARO OUT OF THE WAY, TRIGGER BOY, I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE YOU!



THIS IS KNOWN AS **LEGAL** KILLIN', BABY! BIG CROOKS ESCAPE, THE LAW WANTS 'EM DEAD OR ALIVE, AN' I BRING 'EM IN DEAD!... FOR A PRICE!

BUT YOU LET THE COMMANDOS FIND 'EM FOR YOU, EH? YOU'RE A SCREAM, TRIGGER!



TRIGGER'S NEXT OPPORTUNITY FOR A LEGAL KILLING COMES WHEN "CHOPPER" CHINELL MURDERS FOUR MEN IN A WEST SIDE TAVERN-- AND IS PURSUED BY RIP'S LITTLE BAND....

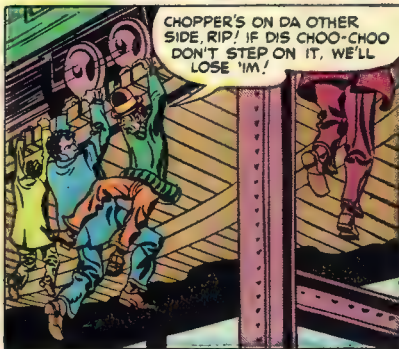


THE CHASE IS A PERILOUS ONE, LEADING MUCH TOO NEAR THE GRINDING WHEELS OF THE SPEEDING "EL" TRAINS...

LOOK OUT, RIP! DA TRAIN'S COMIN'!



CHOPPER'S ON DA OTHER SIDE, RIP! IF DIS CHOO-CHOO DON'T STOP ON IT, WE'LL LOSE 'IM!



THE ESCAPING KILLER DARTS INTO A CAR THAT HAS BEEN SIDE-TRACKED FOR REPAIRS. THEN...

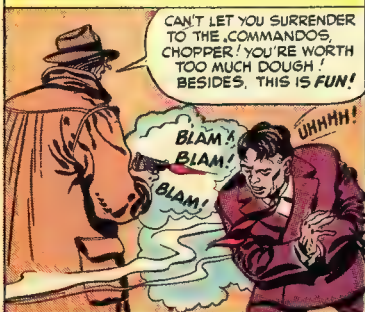
MY ROD'S EMPTY! I'M CAUGHT LIKE A RAT! I GIVE UP, CARTER!

CLICK!
CLICK!
CLICK!

NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD!



THREE SHOTS RING OUT, AND CHOPPER FLOPS LIKE A SACK OF WHEAT FALLING OFF A WAGON...



WHADDA YA KNOW-- DA BOID WIT' DA ITCHY FINGER AGAIN!

WHAT'S THE STORY THIS TIME, TRIGGER?

STORY, CARTER? I DON'T GETCHA!



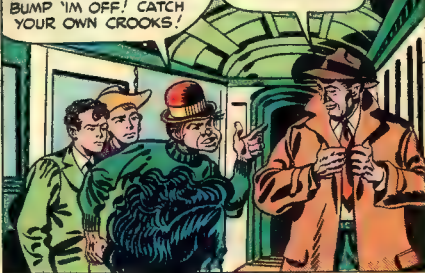
LOOK, MR. TRIGGER-HAPPY! EVEN THOUGH THESE MEN WE HUNT ARE KILLERS--WE LIKE TO TAKE THEM IN ALIVE--IF THEY SURRENDER! BUT YOU'RE KILLING THEM!

AS LONG AS IT'S LEGAL-- WHY THE BEEF?



DA BEEF IS, CHUM. DAT EVERY TIME WE CHASE A CROOK YOU SHOW UP IN DA COZIEST SPOTS--TA BUMP 'IM OFF! CATCH YOUR OWN CROOKS!

WHAT I'M DOIN' IS LEGAL, PAL! 'SCUSE ME WHILE I COLLECT A REWARD!



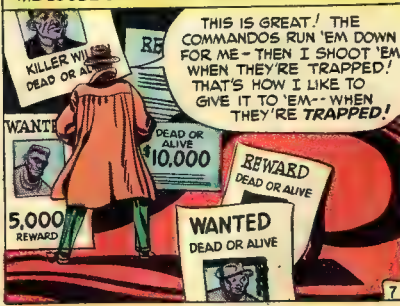
LATER...

TELL ME MORE, SWEETHEART! SO YOU PLUGGED THE BIG BOZO AN' GOT THE DOUGH! WHAT ABOUT THE COMMANDOS?

THEY'RE SORE, DAISY! BUT THAT'S NOT GONNA STOP ME FROM DOIN' THE SAME JOB AGAIN! HA, HA! I MIGHT HIJACKIN' KILLERS!

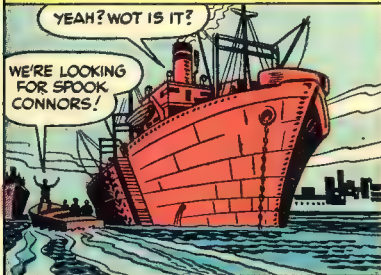


TRIGGER'S WORDS RING TRUE, AND IN THE FOLLOWING WEEKS MORE THAN ONE KILLER ON THE LOOSE GOES DOWN BEFORE HIS GUNS...



THIS IS GREAT! THE COMMANDOS RUN 'EM DOWN FOR ME-- THEN I SHOOT 'EM WHEN THEY'RE TRAPPED! THAT'S HOW I LIKE TO GIVE IT TO 'EM-- WHEN THEY'RE TRAPPED!

BUT INTO THE LIFE OF EVERY KILLER COMES THAT ONE FATAL SLIP--AND ALREADY FATE BEGINS HER GRIM GAME OF FUN; A GAME TO DEFEAT TRIGGER DUNCAN. IT IS NIGHT, ON THE RIVER...



YEAH? WOT IS IT?

WE'RE LOOKING FOR SPOOK CONNORS!

WAIT A MINNIT, CARTER--SPOOK AIN'T HERE!

THEN MAYBE WE'LL SAY WE'RE SORRY! BUT WE'RE CHECKING FIRST!



IN ONE OF THE CABINS THEY FIND...

ALL RIGHT, SPOOK! ARE YOU COMING--OR DO WE TAKE YOU?

D-DON'T SHOOT! Y-YOU GOT ME!



SUDDENLY, ANOTHER FIGURE BURSTS INTO THE CABIN, AND...

LOOK OUT, CARTER! SPOOK'S TRYING TO ESCAPE AGAIN!

HEY! IT'S DAT GUN-CRAZY MUG AGAIN!



HE'S DEAD, TRIGGER, AND THIS TIME YOU MADE A MISTAKE! SPOOK ISN'T A CRIMINAL--HE'S WANTED ONLY AS A WITNESS! YOU SHOT THE WRONG MAN!

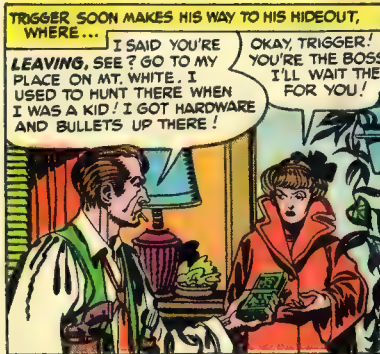
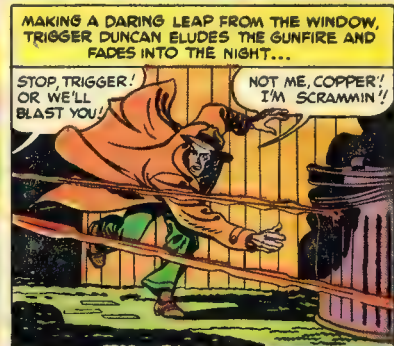
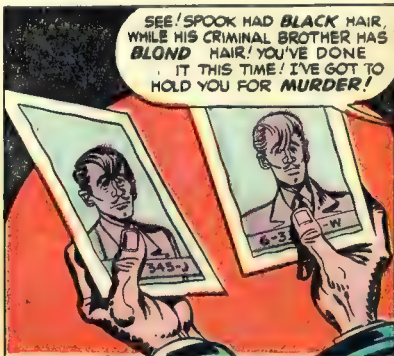
HA, HA! FAIRY TALES!



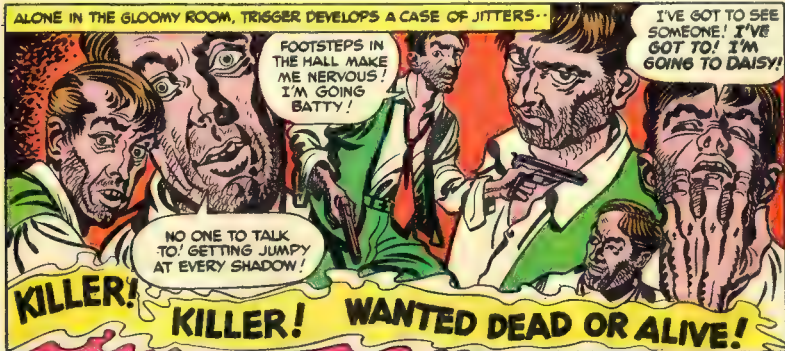
WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO, CARTER--BEAT ME OUT OF A REWARD?

I TELL YOU WE ONLY WANTED SPOOK AS A WITNESS--TO TELL WHERE HIS BROTHER IS! HIS BROTHER IS THE KILLER WE'RE AFTER! YOU'RE COMING DOWN TO H.Q., TRIGGER!





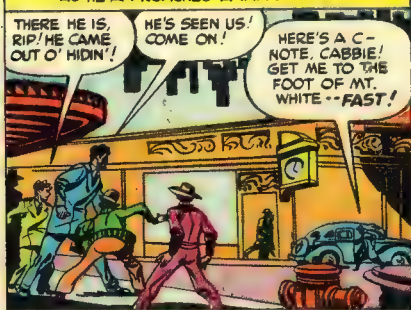
ALONE IN THE GLOOMY ROOM, TRIGGER DEVELOPS A CASE OF JITTERS...



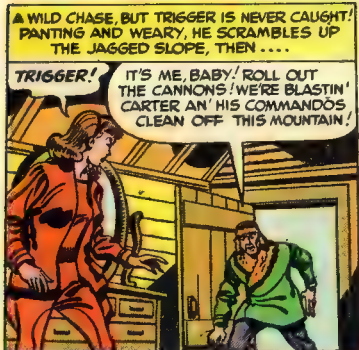
THAT NIGHT, HE VENTURES INTO THE DIMLY LIT STREETS - AND SPIES FATE'S GRIM MOCKERY IN THE FORM OF A REWARD POSTER...



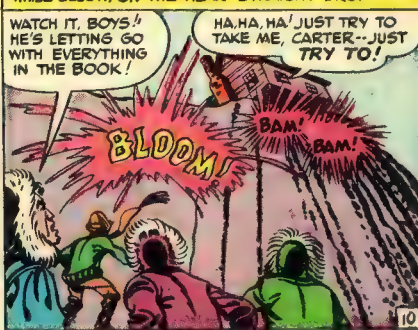
THE COMMANDOS, EVER ON THE PROWL, SEE TRIGGER AS HE APPROACHES A TAXI...



A WILD CHASE, BUT TRIGGER IS NEVER CAUGHT! PANTING AND WEARY, HE SCRAMBLES UP THE JAGGED SLOPE, THEN



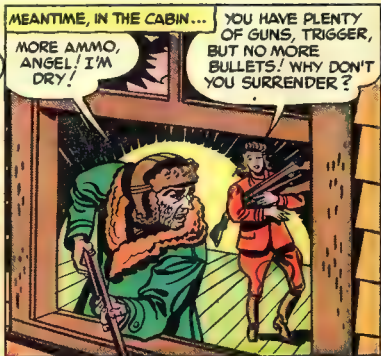
WHILE BELOW, ON THE NEAR-STRAIGHT DROP---





HE'S RELOADIN' RIP!

GOOD! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO CIRCLE AND HEAD UP THE BACK WAY--WHILE TEX AND ANDRE KEEP HIS ATTENTION PINNED DOWN HERE!



MEANTIME, IN THE CABIN...

MORE AMMO, ANGEL! I'M DRY!

YOU HAVE PLENTY OF GUNS, TRIGGER, BUT NO MORE BULLETS! WHY DON'T YOU SURRENDER?



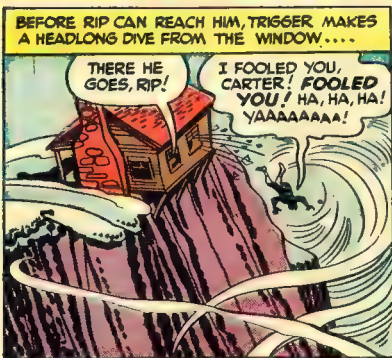
SURRENDER? ME! YOU'RE OFF YOUR TOP! I KNOW HOW THEY TREAT GUYS WHO GIVE UP! THEY PLUG 'EM! I DONE IT TO GUYS MYSELF! I KNOW! I AIN'T GIVIN' UP!

OKAY! OKAY!



YOU WON'T NEED ANY MORE BULLETS, TRIGGER! WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK--ALIVE!

NOT ME, CARTER! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME! NO ONE GETS TRIGGER DUNCAN!



BEFORE RIP CAN REACH HIM, TRIGGER MAKES A HEADLONG DIVE FROM THE WINDOW....

THERE HE GOES, RIP!

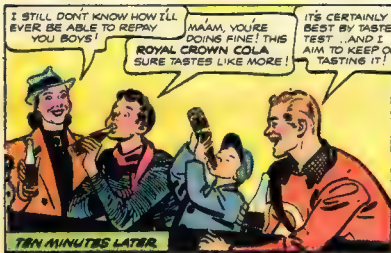
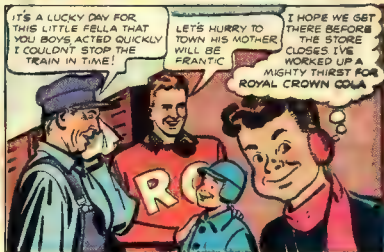
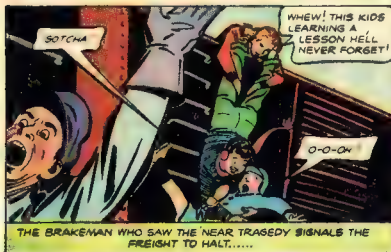
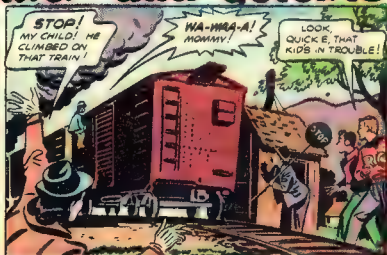
I FOOLED YOU, CARTER! FOOLED YOU! HA, HA, HA! YAAAAA!



CASE CLOSED, BOYS! I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU AGAIN THAT KILLERS CAN'T WIN! TRIGGER FOUND THAT OUT--BUT TOO LATE! LET'S GO... IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN AGAIN!

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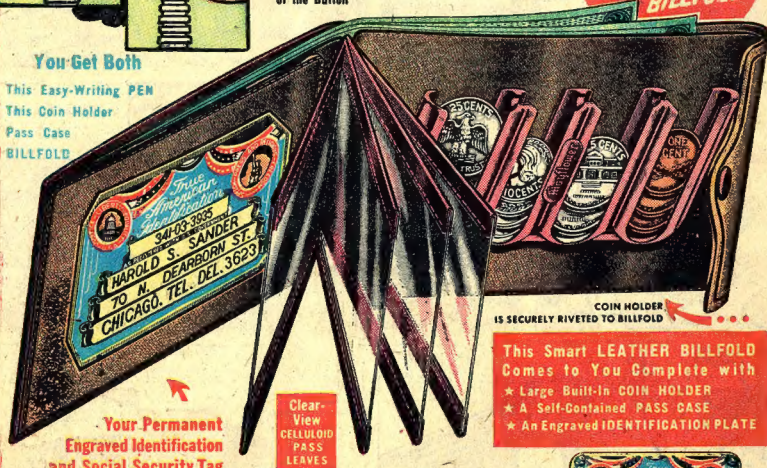
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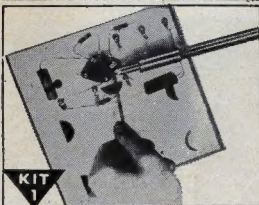
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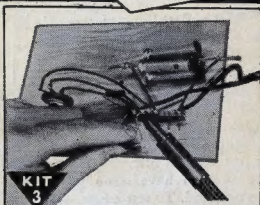
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



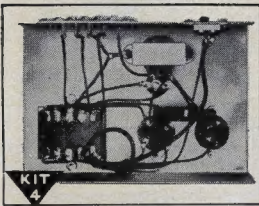
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



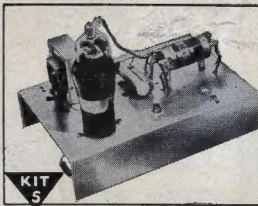
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



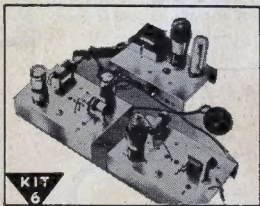
KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



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